

country has been brought for the first time to the sea-shore, and carried out into the middle of one of the noble friths that indent so deeply our line of coast. And, on his return, he describes to his father, with all a child's eagerness, the wonderful expansiveness of the *ocean* which he had seen. He went out, he tells him, far amid the great waves and the rushing tides, until at length the hills seemed diminished into mere hummocks, and the wide land itself appeared along the waters but as a slim strip of blue. And then, when in mid-sea, the sailors heaved the lead; and it went down, and down, and down,—and the long line slipped swiftly away, coil after coil, till, ere the plummet rested on the ooze below, all was well nigh expended. And was it not the great sea, asks the boy, that was so vastly broad, and so profoundly deep? Ah! my child, exclaims the father, you have not seen aught of its greatness: you have sailed over merely one of its little arms. Had it been out into the wide ocean that the seamen had carried you, “you would have *seen* no shore, and you would have *found* no bottom.” In one rare quality of the orator, Mr. Stewart stood alone among his contemporaries. Pope refers to a strange power of creating love and admiration by “just touching the brink of all we hate.” And Burke, in some of his nobler passages, happily exemplifies the thing. He intensified the effect of his burning eloquence by the employment of figures so homely,—nay, almost so repulsive,—that the man of lower powers who ventured on their use would find them effective in but lowering his subject, and ruining his cause. I need but refer, in illustration, to the well-known figure of the disembowelled bird, which occurs in the indignant denial that the character of the revolutionary French in aught resembled that of the English. “We have not,” says the orator, “been drawn and trussed, in order that we may be filled, like stuffed birds in a museum, with chaff, and rags, and paltry blurred shreds of paper about the rights of man.” Into this perilous but singularly effective department, closed against even superior men, Mr Stewart could enter safely and at will. One of the last sermons I heard him preach,—a discourse of singular power,